

A POEM TO HIS MAIESTIE
ON HIS LANDING. By H. H. B.

THe Spirit that inform'd this Soul-lesse Frame,
We read, first on the face oth' Waters came;
And *You* our Quickning Spirit Heaven sent
This sad Nation by the same Element.
With eyes upheld, Knees bow'd, glad hearts, clasp'd hands
Upon the shore as numerous as its sands
People stand, and your unseen Fleet descrie,
So much their joyes, see further than their Eie.
The City's empti'd, all towards *Dover* strive,
And like starv'd Bees for sun-shine leave their hive.
Some panting up to the proud Cliffs ascend,
And being too low still there, on tip-toes stand:
Nor will that serve, upon the Castle lie
Perspectives planted, stilts too for the eie.
The *Arke* when in the Deluge tofs'd design'd
The swift-wing'd Dove, the long-lost Land to find.
Had we the Bird, This Land without all doubt
Would send her forth, your Ark for to find out.
The *Olive Branch* that should this Nation shade
With Peace, growes now at Sea about *Your* head.
The floting world once of each kind held two,
Yet now grown bigger can not follow *You*.
See your long-captiv'd People ready stand
To loose their Fetters by your Sacred hand.
The fair *Andromeda* thus hopelesse stood.
Allotted for the cruell Monsters food:
When she espi'd her God-like *Persius* come
And by that Monsters death reverse her Doom.
Your Harbingers, your Acts of grace, were here
Long since, And told the Guilty *You* were near.
'Twas to our Saviour's comming then not long
Men knew, when once good will and peace were fung.
One year of Grace Heav'n did to all allow,
But this unhappy Land stood need of two.
Think (*Injur'd Prince*) your wrongs were all well ment,
You were to Travail, not to Exile sent.
With sev'ral Countries wisdoms fraught you'r come
Like the glad Bee from flours with honey home.
For common good the Subject Bees perhaps thus drive
Rudely sometimes their Master from the Hive.
Alasse your Enemies did but for *You*
What fondest Parents for their Children doe;
Tis true, your woods they sold, your Lands, your Lead,
But yet they'l leave you all when they are dead.

F I N I S.

